

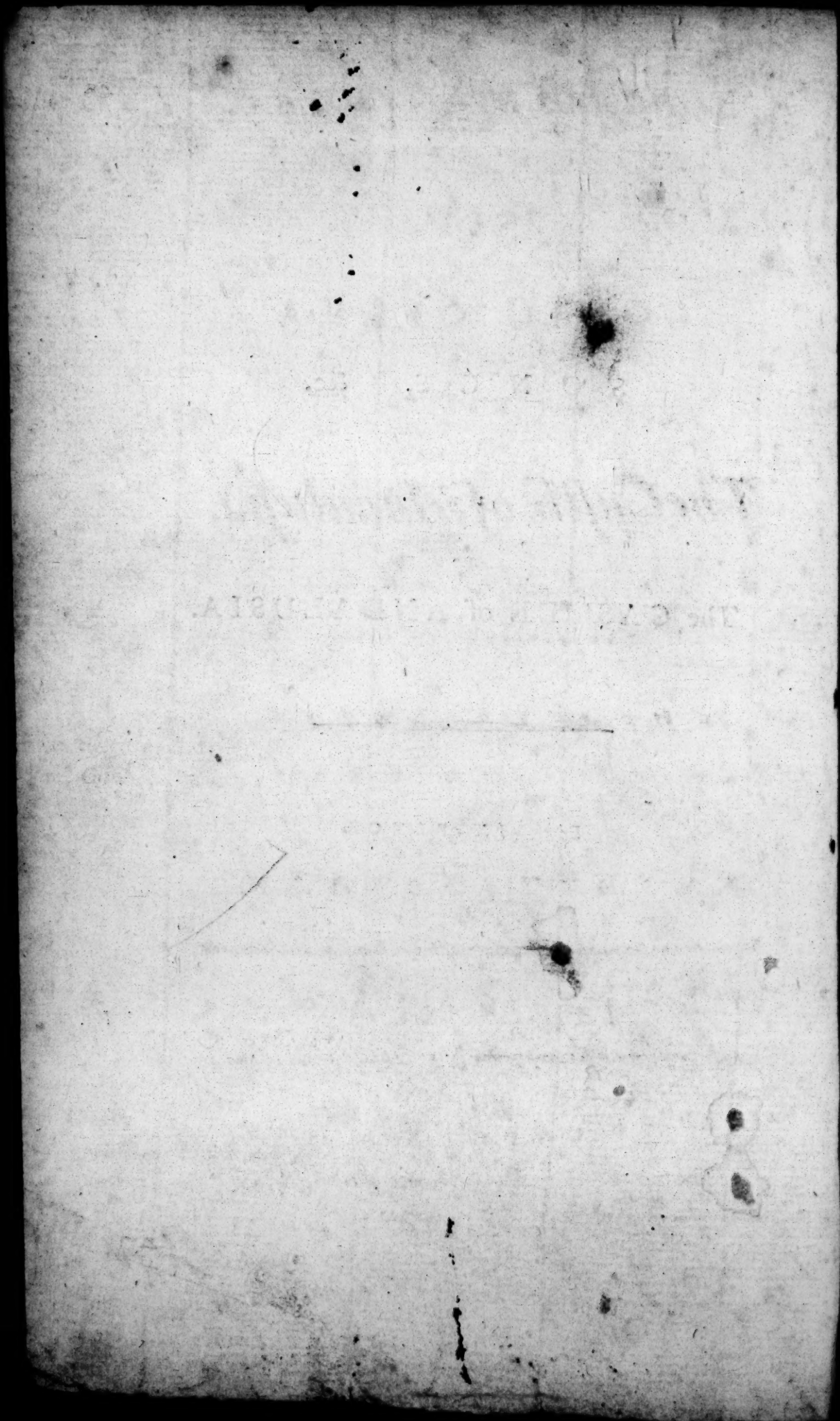
S O N G S, &c.

I N

The CASTLE of ANDALUSIA.

Price SIX-PENCE.

O. K. K.



SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

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IN THE

COMIC OPERA

OF

The Castle of Andalusia.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN

COVENT - GARDEN.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand, 1782.

SONG, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN TWO

COMIC OPERA

OF

The Castle of Andalusia.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

GOVERNMENT OF ANDALUSIA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Printed by J. G. GARRA, in the Strand, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio	- - - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Don Juan	- - - - -	Mr. FEARON.
Don Fernando	- - - - -	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Alphonso	- - - - -	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Ramirez	} Banditti.	Mr. REINHOLD.
Spado		Mr. QUICK.
Sanguino		Mr. MAHON.
Rapino		Mr. DAVIES.
Calvette		Mr. THOMPSON.
Pedrillo	- - - - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Phillipo	- - - - -	Mr. BRETT.
Vasquez	- - - - -	Mr. STEVENS.
Lopez	- - - - -	Mr. LEDGER.

Dame Isabel	- - - - -	Miss PLATT.
Victoria	- - - - -	Miss HARPER.
Lorenza	- - - - -	Signora SESTINI.
Catalina	- - - - -	Mrs. WILSON.

Banditti—Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Spain,*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING
THE QUEEN
THE PRINCE
THE PRINCESS
THE LORDS
THE COMMONS

THE LORDS OF THE KINGDOM
THE LORDS OF THE PARLIAMENT

THE LORDS OF THE CHURCH
THE LORDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL
THE LORDS OF THE JUDICATURE

THE LORDS OF THE ARMY
THE LORDS OF THE NAVY

The Castle of Andalusia.

A C T I.

A I R A N D C H O R U S.

Ramirez and Banditti.

C H O R U S.

HERE we sons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock-hewn cell,
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way:
Ever great, and ever free,
Valour guards our liberty.

A I R.

Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils,
Dreary dungeon's iron jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels ;
How

How can we think,
 While we drink
 Sweet Muscadine?
 O, life divine!

C H O R U S.

Here we fons of freedom, &c.—

A I R.—*Ramirez.*

FLOW thou regal purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam,
 In my goblet, sparkling rise,
 Chear my heart, and glad my eyes;
 My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.

While I live, I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead, and gone away
 Let my thirsty subjects say—
 A month he reign'd, but that was May.

A I R.—*Alphonso.*

COME ye hours with blifs replete,
 Bear me to Victoria's feet,
 Cheerless winter must I prove
 Absent from the maid I love;

But

But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of spring.

A I R.—*Alphonso.*

LOVE! sweet poison, torment pleasing,
Pure delight in pain you give.
Thrilling anguish, flattering, teasing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing,
Yet I'll love, or cease to live.

A I R.—*Pedrillo.*

A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily
Gaily
Gambo raily,
Gigg'ling,
Nigg'ling
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun,
B I saddled

II.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Galloping, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.

We canter'd along, until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary dun;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

IV.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone
astray,
With your, &c.

V.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, &c.

My

VI.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping, dreary dun,
 But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Nigg'ling,
 Gigg'ling
 Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

A I R.—*Victoria.*

Ah, solitude, take my distress,
 For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
 Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
 And thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
 For sweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
 To soften my sorrows I sing,
 Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

B 2

A I R.

A I R.—*Catalina.*

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
 So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
 In all our village,---who but he,
 To foot it up so featly?
 His lute to hear,
 From far and near,
 Each female came,
 Both girl and dame,
 And all his boon,
 For every tune,
 To kifs 'em round so sweetly.

II.

While round him in the jocund ring,
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;
 Of May the youth was chosen King,
 He caught our ears so neatly.
 Such music rare
 In his guittar,
 But touch his lute,
 The crowd was mute;
 His only boon
 For ev'ry tune,
 To kifs 'em round so sweetly.

A I R.

A I R.—*Lorenza.*

New graces
The thoughts of a lover
Invited, expected, and sigh'd for occasion,
Sweet faces
Fresh sweetness discover;
Our eyes then are diamonds, our cheeks are
carnation,
Those eyes glances stealing,
Fond blushes revealing,
Sage prudence concealing
The wish of our hearts.
But when once we gain him,
In love's link we chain him,
Now pleasing,
Now teasing,
In giddy flirtation.
DA. CA. New graces, &c.

QUIN.

QUINTETTO.

Don Scipio, Fernando, Pedrillo, Isabel and Lorenza.

Scip. Signor !

D. Isa. Signor !

Scip. } Your wit must be keener

D. Isa. } Our prudence to elude,

Scip. Your fine plot,

Though so pat,

Will do you little good.

Ped. My fine plot !

I'm a sot,

If I know what

These gentlefolks are at.

Fern. Past the perils of the night,

Tempests, darkness, rude alarms,

Phœbus rises clear and bright,

In the lustre of your charms.

Loren. Oh, charming, I declare,

So polite a cavalier !

He understands the duty,

And homage due to beauty.

Scip. Bravo ! O, Bravissimo !

Loren. Caro ! O, Carissimo !

How sweet his honey words,

How noble is his mien !

Scip. Fine feathers make fine birds,

D. Isa. The footman's to be seen.

Scip.

- Scip.* But both deserve a basting !
Ped. Since morning I've been fasting.
Scip. Yet, I could laugh for anger,
Ped. Oh, I could cry for hunger.
Scip. I could laugh,
Ped. I could cry,
Fern. I could quaff,
Ped. So could I.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a sic,
Ped. Oh, I could pick a little bit.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! }
Ped. Oh, oh, oh, } *together.*
Loren. A very pleasant party,
Fern. A whimsical reception !
Scip. A whimsical deception !
Scip. } But master and man accept a welcome
D. Isa. } hearty.
Fern. } Accept our thanks sincere for such a wel-
Ped. } come hearty.

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

A C T

A C T II.

A I R.—*Spado.*

IN the forest here hard by
 A bold robber late was I,
 Sword and blunderbuss in hand
 When I bid a trav'ler stand,
 Zounds, deliver up your cash,
 Or straight I'll pop and flash,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o,
 Damme, Sir,
 If you stir,
 Sluice your veins,
 Blow your brains,
 Hey down,
 Ho down,
 Derry, derry down,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o,

II.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
 When a gentleman I'm made;
 Then so spruce and debonnaire,
 Gad I'll court a lady fair;

How

How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
 How I'll kiss her and all that,
 All amongst the leaves so green-o!

How d'ye do?

How are you?

Why so coy?

Let us toy,

Hey down,

Ho down,

Derry derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

III.

But ere old, and grey my pate,

I'll scrape up a snug estate,

With my nimbleness of thumbs

I'll soon butter all my crumbs;

When I'm justice of the peace,

Then I'll master many a lease,

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Wig profound,

Belly round,

Sit at ease,

Snatch the fees.

Hey down,

Ho down,

Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

C

A I R

A I R.—*Fernando.*

DAME Nature in forming a creature so fair,
 Each beauty selected, then cull'd the most rare;
 Two bright constellations she caught for her
 eyes,
 A station so blest, can they wish for their skies?
 The gale lends its sweets, as from Paphos it
 blows,
 The snow-drop its whiteness, its blushes, the rose,
 Bright Venus, her hair, as from ocean she sprung,
 Sage Pallas, the accents that fell from her tongue;
 Tho' Nature, in forming this creature so fair,
 Each beauty selected, and cull'd the most rare;
 Yet Fortune, her step-dame, severe and unkind,
 Is unjust to her worth, to her beauty is blind.

A I R.—*Catalina.*

I HAVE a lover of my own,
 So kind and true is he;
 As true, I love but him alone,
 And he loves none but me.

I boast

I boast not of his velvet down,
 Or cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown;
 I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay;
 They only fret and teaze:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone—that may
 Come, court me, when you please.

11.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy;—
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay;
 They only fret and teaze:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone, that may
 Come, court me, when you please.

A I R.—*Victoria.*

BY woes thus furrounded, how vain the gay
smile

Of the little blind Archer, those woes to beguile!

Tho' skilful, he misses, his aim it is crost,

His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.

Your love, tho' sincere, on the object you lose,

(*Aside*) How sweet is the passion! Ah! must I
refuse?

If filial affection, that passion should sway,

Then Love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

D U E T T.—*Fernando and Victoria.*

ITALIAN Queen, to thee we pray,

Record each tender vow;

As night gives place to chearful day,

Let hopes of future bliss allay

The pangs we suffer now.

A I R.

A I R.—*Phillipo.*

Oh, charming maid; ah! why so coy
 Unto the youth who loves so well?
 Thy gracious smile gives every joy,
 Thy frown a pang no tongue can tell.
 To thee the *Matin-song* I raise,
 Ere gay blooming *Flora*
 Has welcom'd *Aurora*,
 At noon from *Sol's* refulgent blaze;
 In close-braded bowers,
 On beds of sweet flowers,
 Reclining,
 Adoring,
 Yet pining,
 Imploring;
 Soft *Ditty*
 Repeating,
 Thy pity
 Intreating,
 'Till the nightingale's lays
 In vespers seraphic bid nature repose:
 Her strain on a lover no slumber bestows,
 Nor ease to his mind, nor relief to his woes.

DUETT.

D U E T T.—*Alphonso and Phillipo.*

- Alph.* So faithful to my fair I'll prove,
Phil. So kind and constant to my love,
Alph. I'd never range,
Phil. I'd never change,
Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith should
 move.
Phil. No ruby clusters grace the vine,
Alph. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,
Phil. Sweet flowers to spring,
Alph. Gay birds to sing,
Both. Those hearts then part that love shall
 join.
-

A I R.—*Lorenza.*

LOVE! gay illusion,
 Pleasing delusion,
 With sweet intrusion
 Possesses the mind;

Heart,

Heart, with heart meeting,

Passion is fleeting

Vows in repeating

We trust to the wind.

Faith, to faith plighted,

Love may be blighted,

Hearts often slighted

Will cease to be kind.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

A I R. — *Pedrillo.*

A SOLDIER I am for a lady,
 What beau was ere arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give ye all satisfaction;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
 Your lap dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

T O A

A I R.

A I R. — *Phillipo.*

MY fair one, like the blushing rose,
 Can sweets to every sense disclose,
 Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
 Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn,

I F.

With sighs, each grace and charm I see,
 Thus doom'd to wither on the tree;
 'Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
 When all those blooming beauties fade,

J E.

A I R. — *Victoria.*

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
 Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
 While Phœbe in a cloud appears
 Her virgin lustre she retains.

D

H

If foes, or cruel friends unkind,
 A thought consoles each deep distress,
 That conscious rectitude of mind,
 In fortune's frown has power to bless.

II.

For sweets, the tulip proud and gay
 Unto the humble violet yields,
 And Philomel's sequester'd lay
 Transcends the chorus of the fields.
 If foes, &c.

A I R.—*Lorenza.*

HEART beating,
 Repeating
 Vows in palpitation,
 Sweetly answers each fond hope;
 Prithee leave me,
 You'll deceive me
 After other beauties running,
 Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,
 Shews where points the inclination,

Heart

Heart beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly answers each fond hope.

GLEE.—*Fernando, Alphonso, and Victoria.*

AUSPICIOUS powers approving,
Rewards true love in me,
No greater bliss than loving
When thus belov'd by thee.
No, no,
No while thus belov'd by thee.

GLEE.—FINALE.

Social pow'rs, at pleasure's call,
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus—Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest;
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the flowing bowl.
Ev'ry pure and chaste delight
Crown with love this happy night.

THE END.

